

Dorothy Dix's Advice

THE MOMENT OF HYSTERIA.

A woman is being sued for divorce by her husband and the damning evidence is a letter she wrote, and the story of her guilty love that she told to another woman in what the lawyers aptly term "a moment of hysteria!"

A moment of hysteria! I wish that every woman in the world would repeat that phrase over and over again, until it is branded in letters of fire into her consciousness.

For it is women's moments of hysteria that are their moments of greatest danger. It is in their moments of hysteria that they do things that they would never do in their moments of sanity, and tell things that they would never tell in their moments of sanity.

How well we might imitate a certain youth whom I once found sitting on a stone wall by himself on the night of the commencement hop in a little college town. "Why are you not dancing?" I inquired. "Because," he replied, "there is a girl in there that I'll pop the question to, sure, if I dance one dance with her, and it will be years before I'll be able to resist the girl, and the music, and the thought of going away, if I had them right in my arms, so to speak. And I would be sorry for it tomorrow, so I am playing safe and staying away."

And that's it. For our moments of hysteria last only for a moment, but their effects are never-ending. That is why we do well to be on our guard against them.

In the matter of letters, for instance, you know how it is. Some ink goes to a woman's head like strong drink, and makes her maudlin. Perhaps no woman can explain it better than to say that she did it in a moment of hysteria, but it is a fact that even a modest woman will write a man love letters that are enough to make a brass image blush.

She calls the man every endearing term; she pens passionate words of devotion; she assures a man that she starves for his kisses and yearns for his presence; and she puts all this down in black and white for the man to read and to prove what a lady-killer he is, or to leave in bureau drawers for curious chambermaids to read. Perhaps there is no woman who has not gone on a sentimental jag like this, but wise is she who puts a mission in the ice for twenty-four hours before she mails it. In which case it never gets off, because her moment of hysteria is past, and she realizes what a fool she has just escaped making of herself.

There is also the letter we write in anger, in which we say bitter and cruel things that stab to the heart of those who love us, and that alienate friends. If we would only wait until our moment of hysteria had gone, it would go into the fire instead of the mail box and we would be spared many a pang of conscience that we have to endure when we remember the things we wrote that we shouldn't have written. It's a safe rule never to post a letter that you have written in any emotional stress until you have cooled down from fever heat to normal.

The main danger to women, however, is what they tell in their moments of hysteria. Every woman in her sane hours knows the value of reserve, especially with men, and more especially with her husband. She knows that no man ever tells his wife all of his past, or confesses to her all of his little weaknesses and blunders, and she knows equally well that a woman is a fool who doesn't keep her own counsel about her own private affairs.

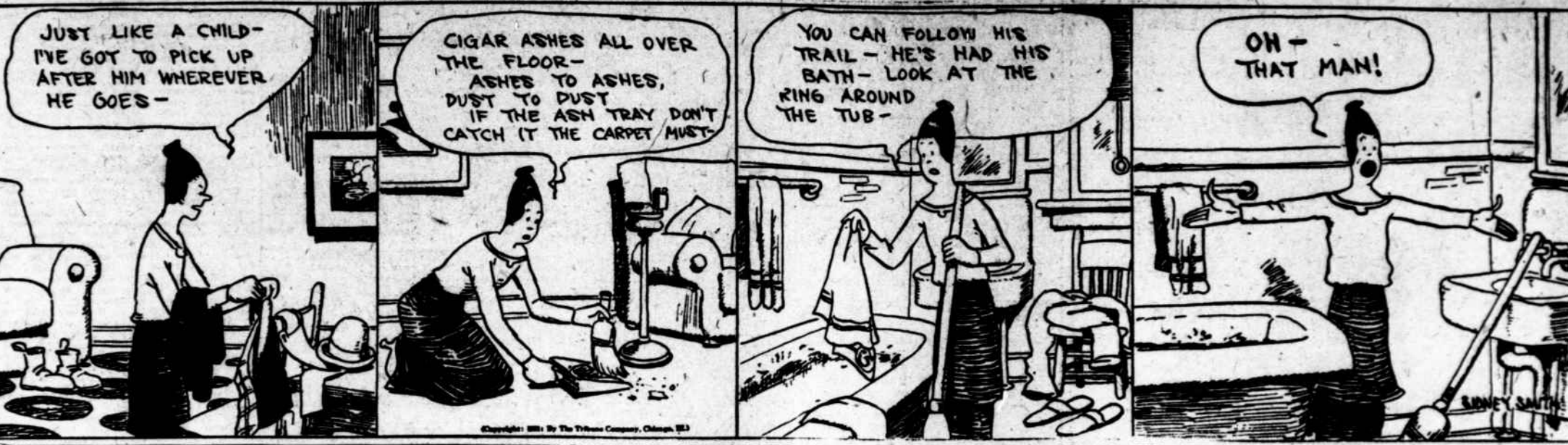
Notwithstanding this, nine women out of ten blab everything they have ever done, or thought of doing, to the men they love, often thereby wrecking the men's faith in them, and filling them with causeless jealousy. Hysteria is the mother of confession, for as long as we are in our sober senses, we have judgment enough to know that our presents alone belong to those about us. Our pasts are our own, and there is no good accomplished by digging up the dead, and holding poor mortals.

Most of all, should women beware of their moments of hysteria in which they confide their private affairs to others. This would be bad enough if the indiscreet woman involved only herself, but she does not stop at that. She tells things about her family that cover them with shame and disgrace, and she does it with no more provocation than because you happen to be with her on a moonlight night on a hotel veranda, or you are seated in a pullman car on a long journey; and the hour, and the place, and the scenery have made her emotional.

The summer season is now upon us, when hordes of women will foregather in resort hotels where they will have nothing to do but talk. To these I say emphatically, beware the moment of hysteria in which you let your hair down in another woman's room and the flood gates of speech are down.

Stockholders Heavy Losers.
LYNCHBURG, Va., June 2.—At a meeting of creditors of the Jobbers' Overall company here claims for \$5,308,000 have been filed and proved, and a receivers' statement shows assets available for creditors aggregating \$1,990,000. This indicates creditors will get about 20 cents on the dollar and stockholders will lose all.

THE GUMPS—OH, THAT MAN!



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

The Boys and Girls' Herald

Price: Free With The Big Herald

JUNE 10, 1921.

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Clay Models Are Best Made After Practice

(Conclusion.)

In clay modelling you should always work from a model and not from your imagination alone. And remember that in modelling your object is not to make the reproduction just as the subject appears, but as it really is.

Before attempting to model such things as hands, heads, etc., it is good to get some practice on simpler objects, such as vases, pitchers or cups. But this doesn't seem much fun in modelling from life does.

How to Build Up Bust.
When modelling a bust, set a small block of wood in the center of the modelling stand and pile clay around it till the block is covered. Into this pile place a stick upright for a moment, a support for the head of the bust. This stick should not be any higher than the top of the head will be, of course.

Around the stick firmly place still more clay. Work it with your hands till it takes on the general shape of a head—like an egg, for instance.

Then, using your fingers, commence modelling the features of the face, pinching off bits of clay here, adding some there, poking a hole here, and so on. Don't attempt at first to get an exact reproduction of the face. Get the general features and then go after the details.

Balance Face Carefully.
As you find it necessary to work on another part of the face, turn your modelling board slightly. Turn your model, too, so that you always get the same view of it as you do of your work.

Take care to get the face properly balanced. The general features blocked in you can commence on the details, such as lines and dimples. Soon you will have a pretty presentable looking reproduction of the real thing if you have worked hard and used good judgment. And then comes the question, "How shall I preserve my work?" If the clay you have used is terra-cotta, you can bake it in the oven and it will become very hard and turn to a pretty buff color. For this reason it is advisable to use terra-cotta clay if you can get it.

Now, then—who are the ambitious artists amongst us?

OH, MAN!
STAY IN BED A FEW DAYS—QUIT WORRYING!
I TELL YOU DOC I'VE GOT TOO MUCH TO DO I CAN'T LIE DOWN

THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU CAN GET UP NOW FOR AN HOUR BUT YOU MUSTN'T CALL UP YOUR OFFICE

THE FIFTH DAY OF WORRY



Minstrel Tonight At Western High

The muse of joke and song will visit Western High school tonight for the last time this school year, when "The Minstrels," the pride of Western's comedic vein, will be presented in the auditorium.

This is a repeat performance, and funds of the school are expected to swell with its showing. Robert Simpson, a student of Rosslyn, Va., writes that the "Twelfth Night," recently staged, did not, in a pecuniary way, realize, and that the student body hope for success tonight.

Nuts to Crack.
Why is a horse the most sympathetic of animals? (A hint: The key to the answer to this is a part of a horse's harness.)—Contributed by S. L. M.

Yesterday's: "When a lemon rolls off the table what candy results?"—Lemon drops.

Today's Great Person.

June 10—Your Birthday!
Frederick Albert Cook, explorer. He claimed to have reached the north pole on April 21, 1908. Scientists decided that papers he submitted were insufficient evidence of his success. He was a surgeon on Peary's Arctic expedition, 1901-2. He was born in New York state on Saturday, June 10, 1865. He now lives in Port Worth, Tex.

Answer to yesterday's: Charles Dickens.

Swat the Fly; Follow Mode Of Barbarians

With summer, its intense heat, its countless swarms of annoying and diseased flies, there must necessarily be some strong-arm activities in getting rid of the last and only element possible, the fly.

Appropriately, many of the Boys and Girls' Herald readers advise me that they are swatting the fly, and swatting him hard. One, R. S., as he wishes to be termed, claims the record of the season. His total number for one day was 350, and he claims they make quite a little pile.

Remember how in the olden days barbarian tribes heaped their enemy dead and made funeral pyres, burning all at one time. This is the process, though not entirely the motive of the swat-the-fly campaign. So—swat the fly.

THE TREE.
(By Elizabeth Langenbeck, Eighth Grade, Cooke School.)
Casting shade all day,
On the dusty highway
Across the traveler's way.
Be he tired and weary
And his journey long,
He can never be dreary
As he lists to nature's song.

Nature uses the tree to
Give shelter to the bird,
Every quivering leaflet
Sighs a cheery word.

So keep the tree from fire,
The tiniest spark set free
Can do a world of damage
To nature's chief, the tree.

Daily Hardknut.
My first is in capture, but not in lose;
My second, in voyage, but not in cruise;
My third is in baggage, but not in trunk;
My fourth is in cabin, but not in hull;
My fifth is in active, but not in dull;
My sixth is in calico, but not in mul;
My seventh, in sloping, but not in slant;
My whole is the name of a well-known plant.
(The plant was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh.)—Contributed by Pauline M.

Answer to yesterday's: Charles Dickens.

Borrowed Husbands

A Married Life Story

Written for The Herald
By Mildred K. Barbour

CHXXI—A MISSING CARD.
After Mr. Langwell had gone, Nancy flew upstairs to get her vanity case.

While she was explaining to him the incident of the flowers, and the card inscribed "For my little sweetheart," and signed with his initials, she had experienced a sudden realization that she had not seen that card since she left the hospital.

She found the little gold case in the top drawer of her dressing table in Connie Stanley's guest room; but when she opened it with eager fingers, she found that it contained only her rouge, powder and lip stick and Philip Harding's card.

With a pang of conscience she remembered that she had not acknowledged the gift of flowers, but she put the thought aside for a moment while she searched the drawer, her purse, and even the dressing bag she had with her, for a trace of the card bearing the doctor's initials.

It was nowhere to be found! She sat down before the dressing table to think.

She remembered that the last time she had seen that card it was in Peggy Lewis' possession. Peggy had powdered her nose with the contents of the vanity case, snatched it shut, and returned it to Nancy, who had tucked it under her pillow without reopening it.

Was it possible that card for any malicious reason?

Recalling the incident of the hat and the neatly arranged trap into which the doctor had fallen, Nancy could not deny that the situation looked suspicious.

Langwell had taken the affair of the flowers as a joke, but he was unaware of the fact that the card was missing. He had refused to be perturbed by Nancy's reminder that some one was taking his name in vain.

"Nonsense!" he said. "You probably have dozens of beaux with the initials 'F. B. L.' No doubt some old flame whom you've long since forgotten heard you were in the hospital and wanted to do the correct thing for the sake of auld lang syne. Funny, egotistical creatures, men!" he chuckled. "We all think there is only one man identified with each set of initials in a girl's alphabet."

Nevertheless, Nancy was disturbed by the loss of the card. In the first place, it showed quite clearly that she could place no dependence on the loyalty of Peggy Lewis. In the second place, with the evidence gone, there was no hope of ascertaining who was sufficiently familiar with her affairs to chance such a message.

Light and insignificant as the matter seemed, viewed from one

was unusually quiet, his eyes watching Nancy anxiously as if he sensed her trouble. The fourth at dinner that night was a friend of Connie's, one of the charity bazaar workers, a somewhat kittenish spinster, whose coquettish vivacity was wanted on the two men.

Nancy was relieved when the meal was over and they adjourned to the library for coffee.

The sprightly bazaar worker promptly seized upon Curtis as a conversation target, leaving Nancy and Maj. Desmond to their own devices.

"Something is troubling you, isn't it?" said the latter in a low voice, as he leaned over her chair. "Won't you tell me what it is?"

But she restrained the impulse. Much as she needed Desmond's advice, she could not bring herself to tell this man, who loved her, about another, against whose philanderings he had warned her.

Morning Judge

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS

DIDN'T KNOW CALLER WAS POLICEMAN.

"Where is all this liquor around these parts?" a policeman asked William Pryor.

"You can search me," answered Pryor, who had no idea he was talking to a minion of the law.

The policeman took a squint at Pryor's pockets and concluded that a search would reveal nothing in the bootish line.

"I'm kinda feelin' sick," the policeman said. "Can't you help a fellow out and get him a lil' booze?"

"Sure Mike," said Pryor. "I go get it right away for you."

It wasn't long, it was testified, before Pryor returned with a pint of synthetic gin and handed it to the cop.

No sooner was this done than it was Pryor's turn to get sick. He suddenly discovered that he had made what is called a "fox pass" and sold hooch to a policeman.

Inwardly he consigned the whole police force to a place that resembles the Sahara desert in mid-summer.

Judge McMahon, in turn, consigned him to jail for two months.

It's said the latter in a low voice, as he leaned over her chair. "Won't you tell me what it is?"

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Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M.

New York—WASHINGTON—Paris

Close 6 P. M.

Friday Remnant Day

Remnant Day Merchandise is not returnable or exchangeable; not sent C. O. D. or on approval; no mail or phone orders accepted

Women's Pumps and Oxfords

Greatly Reduced \$4.75 Pair For Friday . . .

We have grouped together a number of lines, in which there are only a few pairs of a kind, and we are offering them for quick clearance at this extremely low price.

50 Pairs Gray Suede Pumps—Several shades and models are included, all are new one-strap pumps—the remainders from our best selling spring lines, strictly bench-made shoes. In these sizes—7, 7½, 8, AAA; 7, 7½, 8, AA; 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, A; 6½, 8, B; 2½, 3½, 6, 6½, C.

78 Pairs Pumps and Oxfords—Included in this lot are black and tan calfskin pumps and oxfords, and patent leather and black satin pumps. These are all new and up-to-date shoes, but only a few pairs of a style. Sizes in the combined lot as follows: 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 7, 7½, 8, AAA; 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 7½, 8, AA; 4½, 7, A; 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, B; 2½, 3, 3½, 5, C.

\$4.75 Pair; were \$10 to \$14

Women's Pumps and Oxfords

Exceptionally Low Priced—\$1.95

Just 48 Pairs of Pumps and Oxfords in this lot, greatly reduced for Friday clearance. Included are black and tan calfskin, vic kid, skin, patent leather, black satin and white canvas. Sizes in the combined lot as follows: 4½, 5, 5½, 6½, 7, AAA; 4, 4½, 5, 5½, AA; 3, 4½, 5 A; 3 B, 2½ C.

Petticoat Section, Third Floor.

Women's Fiber and Cretonne

Boudoir Slippers

For Friday 30c Pair

A large lot of cool, comfortable Fiber and Cretonne Slippers for summer wear. They are made plain with small silk pom-poms. Colors are pink, blue, lavender and rose. In sizes 2, 7 and 8 and 9. These are excellent values, and were formerly marked \$1.25 pair.

Hosiery Section, First Floor.

<p>Friday Special White Sateen Petticoats 95c Each</p> <p>White Sateen Shadowproof Petticoats of a very good quality, with tucked flounce.</p> <p>Petticoats Reduced to \$1.45 Each—3 dozen Petticoats of Seco silk, Heatherbloom and sateen, with pleated, tucked and flounced flounce, plain or embroidered, and trimmed with contrasting shades. In black, rose, wisteria, blue and champagne colors. These were \$3.00 and \$3.50.</p> <p>Petticoat Section, Third Floor.</p>	<p>Dark Mink Fur Chokers \$15 Each</p> <p>A Very Special Value in a Mink Choker of Beauty and Quality.</p> <p>Chokers at \$10—Two and three skin Natural Gray Squirrel, also Dyed Brown Kolinsky.</p> <p>Stone Marten Scarfs, \$25—The lowest price we have given this season on skins of this quality; all natural, soft, choice colorings.</p> <p>Fur Section, Third Floor.</p>	<p>50 Dozen Pairs Women's Lisle Thread Hose Special, Pair 55c</p> <p>A very fine grade full fashioned Black Lisle Thread Hose, perfect in quality and workmanship; double garter heels, soles and toes. Very specially priced. 55c pair.</p> <p>150 pairs Women's Lisle and Cotton Hose, in black and white, mended. If perfect they would sell at 50c, 75c and \$1. Special 25c pair.</p> <p>Hosiery Section, First Floor.</p>
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Two New and Special Purchases of Women's Coats and Wraps

Beautiful Styles and Very Popular Ones—at Extremely Low Prices Friday

50 Jersey Coats, Specially Priced \$13.75 40 New Capes and Wraps, Specially Priced \$29.50

A practical, good-looking coat for all occasions. We have had them in our stock earlier in the season priced special at \$13.75.

Fashioned of all-wool jersey in a tuxedo model with revers and cuffs of contrasting color; inverted black pleat; pockets, belt.

The weight, and length 40 inches—makes them ideal for motoring, sports, street and vacation wear.

All sizes, in plain brown, tan and heather mixtures.

We purchased these garments at nearly one-half the original price. They are from one of our best makers and are fresh and desirable.

All made of the wanted Navy Blue Tricotine.

One may select from coat wraps or capes in a number of models, trimmed with flat braid or black embroidery. All are lined with dependable silk.

Full ranges of sizes.

Coat Section, Third Floor.

Misses' Baronet Satin Skirts

Specially Priced for Friday's Sale \$7.95

Made of fine quality lustrous Baronet Satin of a close, rich and beautiful weave. Full gathered model with inverted pleats and novelty patch pockets; button trimmed.

Shown in such desirable shades as flesh, brown, navy and black; also white.

Waist measures, 25 to 28; length, 32 to 36.

Misses' Section, Fourth Floor.

Just 75 of these skirts, so you are urged to select them early.